

Bradford Opinion.

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EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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Saturday, Sept. 12, 1874.

We publish to-day a letter from Judge Poland, in which he withdraws his name from the canvass. We hope every voter in the Second District, whether friend or opponent, will read it carefully. It shows the falsity of many of the charges trumpeted up against him since the Convention, and will convince reasonable men that, whatever his course may have been in other matters, it has been "square" in the recent contest. All his movements have been honest, straightforward and above board, in wide contrast with the don't-dare, "nest hiding" policy of some of his opponents.

WILLARD AND POLAND.—Many papers in and out of the State laud Congressman Willard for withdrawing his name at the convention, while they condemn Judge Poland for not doing the same. These papers evidently forget the difference in the circumstances. In the one case Willard's friends had "counted noses," and found quite a large majority of delegates in favor of Col. Joyce as against Willard; while in the other case Poland's friends in the same way knew that he had in the convention a majority of at least eight votes. In this light we do not see where the "noble action" of Mr. Willard comes in, for if a ballot had been taken Col. Joyce would have been nominated anyway.

THE editor of the *Argus* hurrahs and gets jubilant because the recent election resulted in a gain of about a dozen Democratic representatives, and the defeat of Judge Poland in the Second District by a combination of disaffected Republicans, and almost the entire vote of the Democrats. Hiram trout out all of his roosters and eagles, and then, like Alexander, weeps that he hasn't more birds in his office. Seeing his large array of male poultry recalls to mind the story of the boy who told his father that he was bound to catch a certain hen or perch in the attempt. The boy went out determined to "do or die." After an hour's running he came in with two of the hen's tail feathers in his hand. "What luck, my son?" inquired the father. "No luck! you see I thought I had her cornered, and I made a grab for her, but she wasn't there; all I got was those two feathers." "You have some encouragement then," said the father. "Well I don't know, dad, if it takes as long for me to get her cornered, next time as it did this, there will be plenty of time for new tail feathers to grow twice as long as these."

Brother Atkins is more hopeful than the boy, for he rejoices over the two feathers, and we don't blame him a bit. The fact is, he hasn't had any occasion to rejoice before for ten years and doesn't expect to again for ten years to come, and so he does the crowing now for a score of years.

The Vermont Farmer, in commenting on the result of the voting for member of Congress in the Second District, says:

"Denison's friends have only to stick by him, and give him the same vote they have already given, to elect him in November. Of course the Mead votes will mainly go for Denison next time, as they can never be carried by Poland or a Poland candidate, and so we see very little chance to expect anything but the election of D. C. Denison to fill Judge Poland's place in the next Congress."

It seems to us that the editor of the *Farmer* is a little too sanguine in the above announcement. It does not necessarily follow that even if the few hundred Mead men should vote for Mr. Denison in November that he would be elected. Mr. Denison as the regular Republican candidate will be quite a different person in the eyes of the Democrats from Mr. Denison the bolter and the opponent of Judge Poland. The Democrats did not vote for Mr. Denison because they loved him more, but because they loved Judge Poland less. Denison as the Republican candidate cannot command a single Democratic vote. Deduct the number of votes cast by the Democrats from Mr. Denison's total vote and it will be found that Poland has a majority over Denison.—A little figuring by the editor of the *Farmer* will convince him of this fact. In this light it is the duty of

the Republicans to support Denison? a man who dare not say whether he was a candidate or not; and who signified his willingness to stand a nomination by the Democrats at their convention held at White River Junction, if we may believe the contents of a letter signed by one of his right-hand men, which was shown to a score of delegates. We fail to see where the duty comes in.

Why not drop all the candidates, take up a new man, and elect him with a rousing majority, and at the same time close up the split in the party ranks? This seems to us the only wise course for the Republican party to pursue.

Old and New Democracy.

There are persons still living who firmly believe that the old frigate Constitution could, in a fair sea-fight, sink the best iron clad that floats. They forget that time has wrought changes, and refuse to believe that the glorious old ship that carried our flag through a hundred victories has become so rotten in her timbers and worm eaten in her planks that a first-class wave would destroy what once defied the heaviest guns of England. So with the old Democratic ship. It has its warm admirers who believe it as strong as when Jefferson launched it, and as capable of great triumphs as when Jackson won for its name honor and glory. They forget that time has dealt unkindly with what was once strong and praiseworthy, that the oak ribs of Jackson's time have hardly strength enough to hold the paint and putty of these latter days. It is no injustice to its early record to say that the old hulk is thoroughly rotten, as unfit to be the flag-ship of public policy as a sieve would be to cross the ocean in a gale of wind. We have nothing but praise to bestow on the earlier days of Democracy. We make war, not on its honorable record, but on its dishonorable career. If we are glad to remember that it once felt the influence of patriots, and statesmen, and earnest friends of freedom, we can not thereby shut out the fact of its degeneracy or blind ourselves to the knowledge of its present management and its recent treasonable efforts to destroy what it once helped to build. We support the Republican party for what it is to-day, and boast of its glorious past because its present is no dishonor to it. What the party was it now is, and we hope will be a score of years to come.

We denounce Democracy for what it has done during the past fifteen years of our national life, and for what it is now doing where it has the power to act. We believe that it is the enemy of good government and that its return to power would do more harm than a second rebellion.

Who can hesitate in making choice between Democracy and Republicanism? Surely no true friend of his country can turn his back on a party whose past and present record are equally worthy of praise, and whose capacity for every needed governmental reform is greater than ever. To permit Democracy, with its recent infamous political record, to come again into power would show, on the part of the American character, a degeneracy which we hope will not be recorded for at least a century to come. We have faith in the Republic, and in the noble party which now guides it to a higher plane of civilization.—The ascendancy of the Republican party means the future glory of the nation.—*Republic*.

LINE ISSUES. For a full account of the White League organizations in the South, and their fruits, the reader is referred to *The Republic* magazine for September, published at Washington, D. C. The present issue also contains a twelve page logical paper on "Reconstruction," by a Southern Statesman, together with twenty articles on the prominent questions of the hour. *The Republic* is indispensable to statesmen, and to all who wish to inform themselves on the political currents now effecting the country North and South. Published monthly at \$2 a year. Sample copies 10 cents.—Back numbers and bound volumes supplied.

—The Concord People says that a young lady in that city, noted for her beauty, accomplishments and worth, is threatened with an action for breach of promise of marriage—the disappointed swain being a Pennsylvania, and his heart-wringing being fixed at ten thousand dollars. The gentleman with the bleeding heart has been a visitor in Concord during the summer months for three or four years past, and is of old Quaker "antecedents." The maiden is just departing from her second decade, and is said to have a very respectable "dot."

Letter from Judge Poland.

To the Republicans of the Second Congressional District:

On the 12th of August last, I was regularly nominated as the Republican candidate for Congress by a convention duly called and conducted according to the usage of the party. At the election held on the first Tuesday in September it appeared that my nomination for some reason was not sustained by a majority of Republican voters of the District.

Under these circumstances I deem it to be my duty, both to you and myself, to withdraw my name from the canvass. I do it at this early period that you may have ample time to take such course as you may deem best before the election in November.

The above is probably all I need to say in your interest, but in justice to myself, I desire to say a few words in explanation of my own action.

It has been said that I forced myself upon the party as a candidate. In that behalf I desire to say that I did not feel at all anxious to continue in Congress beyond my present term. For the last few years such an amount of labor has been thrown upon me, that the position was one of unceasing toil.

Ever since I have been in Congress I have had the general charge of the work of revising the National Statutes, a work of great labor and of inestimable value to the country, and I was anxious to continue in Congress till that should be completed. It involved so much labor and yielded so little reward in the way of political fame, that I feared it would fail of completion if it fell to others who had not the interest I felt in it. But in the present Congress this work has been finally and successfully accomplished; and my anxiety to remain in Congress was at an end.

I have by the favor of the people of the State and District been a very long time in public office, much longer than falls to the lot of most men. I knew there existed to a considerable extent a feeling that I had already received my full share of public favor, and that it was time that I gave place to another.

I felt, that so far as I was concerned, there was some justice in this, and that I had received my full share of public favor. I knew too that the general disposition of the time was for change; and that there was a popular feeling through the country for changes and "new departures."

In the great contest of two years ago, a large number of young men in the District, arrayed themselves upon the side of my younger competitor, and the controversy became so heated and acrimonious that many of them became personally bitter and hostile toward me. Their defeat deepened their animosity.

For the last two years every act of mine has been distorted and misrepresented, and as much political capital made against me as possible. I knew all this, and that in another political contest, all these things would be seized upon, and be used against me to the farthest limit. I therefore determined that I would not be a candidate, if there was likely to be any considerable opposition.

I therefore remained entirely silent upon the subject during the late long session of Congress, without even corresponding with my friends, waiting to see if public sentiment would settle upon any one as my successor.

On my return home, I found no one in the field except Col. Mead. I endeavored as well as I could to ascertain the public sentiment in regard to him. His support seemed to be limited to a new and special organization, which claims not to be political.

Two other names had been occasionally mentioned in the newspapers of the District, Judge Wheeler and Mr. Denison. I had no communication with Judge Wheeler, but I found from his friends, that he did not desire to be a candidate.

I had a personal interview with Mr. Denison, and said to him that I did not intend to be a candidate if there was to be any real contest over it, that I had seen his name mentioned by the press, and that I desired to know, if he was willing to state, whether he was or would be a candidate for the nomination.

Mr. Denison replied that he had been solicited to be a candidate by various persons, but that he did not desire to go to Congress if he could, that the idea of going to Congress was disagreeable and repugnant to his feelings. I suggested that if he did not desire to go now, he might be looking to it at some future time. He replied that he had no reference to this particular election, but to going to Congress at all, and that he did not think he should ever be a candidate, or desire to go to Congress at any time.

I did not interview Mr. Denison for the purpose of soliciting him not to be a candidate, or to get any pledge or assurance from him that he would not be. I applied to him for information, and supposed I got it. I should have considered I was insulting him by asking any assurance after what he said to me.

Believing that the only opposition I could have was from Col. Mead and his friends, (and not believing that to be in any degree formidable) I authorized the editor of my home paper, to announce my name as a candidate, and he did so in his next issue. He accompanied it with an announcement that Judge Wheeler and Mr. Denison would neither of them be candidates, and that he did I suppose upon informa-

tion I gave him. You may judge of my surprise on seeing in the Windsor County papers of the same week that Mr. Denison was in the field as a candidate. I at once wrote to Mr. Denison expressing my astonishment; reminding him of our conversation, and asking him if the announcement of his name was authorized by him. He replied, and claimed that I misunderstood, or misinterpreted his statement to me, and that he only meant to be understood that he had not then determined to be a candidate. I have only to say, that if such was Mr. Denison's purpose, he was either very inefficient in his use of language, or I was very unfortunate in understanding it, and entirely failed to ascertain the very fact I was in pursuit of.

Mr. Denison said further in his letter, that if he received the nomination he should be very grateful, and that if I received it, he should cheerfully support me.

I have stated the matter thus minutely, not for the purpose of raising any question between Mr. Denison and myself, but to absolve myself from the charge of thrusting myself into a contest for the candidacy.

Having thus become a party to a contest for the candidacy without expecting it, I endeavored to ascertain usually to incite my friends to active exertion to have my supporters at the canvass for the choice of delegates. Both my opponents did the same. I received the nomination at the convention by a handsome majority over both my opponents. Everything pertaining to the election of delegates and the conduct of the convention was perfectly fair and honorable as far as I have knowledge and information.—I believed it to have been so, and I supposed the contest ended. But a portion of the delegates, who supported my opponents left the convention, held a separate meeting, nominated Mr. Denison and opened a vigorous and bitter canvass. Having been fairly nominated in a regular convention I refrained from further effort.

Just on the eve of election circulars were issued and handbills posted throughout the District alleging that my nomination was in no way binding upon the party because I had procured delegates to the convention by buying votes with money. I learn also that most marvelous tales were told of the amounts expended, with detail of circumstances. What influence this had I do not know.—I have only to say that the whole thing is a sheer fabrication.—I never expended a penny to influence the vote of any man, nor did I ever authorize any one to do so for me, nor do I believe any one did so.

Both before the Convention and afterward, I was stigmatized as a "Credit Mobiler Whitewasher," "a salary grabber," and a "Press gagger." My course upon each of the matters referred to by these epithets is open and known to all the world. I would not desire to change it. It will bear the closest scrutiny, and when all interests to malign me, has passed away, I have no fear but my action will meet the approval of all just men.

It has been alleged that I belonged to "Kings." Precisely what this means I do not know, but as I understand it, it was intended to charge me with having joined in the support of some unjust scheme, with a view to my own personal gain, or the personal gain of others.

I have to say, that I have never given a vote or done any public act whatever, that I would not have been glad should have been witnessed by every one of my constituents; I have never done any act in connection with my official duty, that was not according to the dictates of my judgment and conscience; and I have never directly or indirectly been the gainer of one cent by any vote or other official act.

I have not aspired to be a leader in Congress, I have contented myself with a laborious and faithful attention to every duty, trusting to such effort alone for my standing in Congress. The positions of difficulty and responsibility in which I have been placed, and the manner in which those responsibilities have been met, in my judgment have not been discreditable to you, or to the State.

You can doubtless easily fill my place with a man of greater ability than myself and one who will attain higher position in Congress, but I do not believe you will find one, whose service, will be more faithful and conscientious than mine has been.

I have seen it stated that the explanation of the vote against me, was that the people of my District had lost confidence in my integrity as a public man.

It would give me great pain to believe this.

I have never been insensible to the good opinion and approbation of my fellow men. I have endeavored all my life to deserve it, by honestly fulfilling every duty to my fellow men, both as individuals, and as constituting the community or state. I have never sought for popular favor in any other mode.

In relation to the causes, or the means used, for my political defeat I desire to say no more, they are not now of special interest between us.

But I cannot refrain from saying that I am deeply grateful to the people of my native State, and of this District for the long continued favor extended me, and for the confidence so long exhibited. If that confidence is no longer felt, I have

the consolation of believing that its withdrawal has not been merited by any act or omission of mine.

LUKE P. POLAND.

St. Johnsbury, Sept. 7, 1874.

THE New York Tribune is getting lonesome. It cut adrift from the Republican party and stranded on the little isle of Greeleyism in the last Presidential campaign. Now it wants to know if it is not "about time for sincere men and sound-minded people generally to cut loose from the dismantled hulks called parties?" There is a good deal of concealed humor in the plaintive query, and likewise a keen sarcasm on the Liberal party which the Tribune assisted at its birth. Meanwhile that paper bobs up and down like a pop-bottle cork on an unfrequented ocean.

A LITTLE COLT'S SAGACITY.—The *Suncook Journal* tells the following story of remarkable sagacity displayed by a colt:

A mare out to pasture, belonging to William Stanley of this village became mired a few days since, and was unable to extricate herself.—Her little colt, appreciating the situation, went up near to where some men were at work in a field, and made such an extraordinary and unusual noise that they left their work to go and see what the trouble was. As they approached the "little horse," he exhibited his delight by going to them and kissing their hands,—after which he started off with a troubled neigh down a trodden path toward an adjacent swamp,—frequently looking back and neighing, as if urging them to follow. They did so, and had not proceeded far before they came to where the mare was so deeply mired that but little more than her head was above ground. Assistance was called and she was speedily rescued, much to the delight of her sagacious little offspring.

It is rumored that Mr. Moulton, half crazed by the ease with which Mr. Beecher has eluded his assaults in the Tilton matter, proposes to prove the minister to have been guilty of adultery with various women. If the State of New York has any laws against the circulation of obscene literature, it would be well, if Mr. Moulton undertakes to make the statement mentioned, to place him where society can no longer suffer from his revelations of pretended immoralities. Is he a censor of morals that he assumes to persecute any man for lapses of virtue, the punishment of which belongs exclusively to the law? If he has knowledge of criminal Mr. Beecher, why does he not carry his case into the courts instead of retailing his salacious information through the columns of a newspaper that was lost in obscurity before he lifted it into prominence by his story? Whether Mr. Beecher is guilty or innocent is no more Mr. Frank D. Moulton's business than it is that of any other citizen, and he is really becoming too barabarrois to be calmly endured.—*Chicago Post*.

GLUTTONY. A retired physician writes: "How does it happen that amid the everlasting cry against drunkenness we never hear a word against its sister evil—gluttony? I think I can assert with truth that, in a long practice, three have died among my patients from over-eating where one has died from drinking. Where come apoplexy, paralysis, dyspepsia, and a host of other diseases, but from too much rich food, taken under the most imprudent circumstances? And yet we hear of no society formed to prevent this growing vice. A man eats until he drops down and expires with apoplexy by the roadside, when up comes the Coroner with a jury of twelve good men and true, who pronounce a verdict, 'Died from intemperance.' So he did, but what kind of intemperance was it? I have heard more than one minister in the pulpit expatiate with great vehemence against the sin of drunkenness, whose very appearance was proof positive that he was pre-eminently guilty of gluttony."

AN ECONOMICAL SUGGESTION.—There is generally a good deal of the apocryphal in anecdotes of public men, and especially in those relating to soldiers, but the following is good enough to be true, whether it is truth or fiction:

"At Fair Oaks, while standing in a very tempest of death, with his sword uplifted in command, Gen. O. O. Howard had his right arm carried away. That night, after Howard had suffered amputation, and was lying spent and racked with pain in a box car which was to take him to Washington, Kearney drew near, and, looking into the car, said: 'Howard, old boy, I am sorry for you—sorry with all my heart; but, Howard, old boy, I have just thought of something. When you get to Washington buy a pair of gloves; send me the right and keep the left for yourself, and I will divide the cost with you, and hereafter we will get along more economically.' And turning away Kearney muttered: 'That is better for him than praying, and then Howard can beat me praying anyway.'"

—The temperance people of Philadelphia having requested of Mr. Barnum the use of his Hippodrome for a temperance meeting, which was to have been held Sunday afternoon, the great showman promised to let them use it free, and also to be there in person to raise his voice with theirs against the curse of intemperance.

Our New York Letter.

NEW YORK, SEPT. 7, 1874.

Editor of Opinion:

Residents of large cities become so accustomed to the luxuries of this life, in season and out of it as well, that it is difficult to appreciate the labor, expense and trouble necessary to place them before us.—Take for instance the California fruit which the Pacific Rail Road has made possible for us. Ten days since it was hanging and ripening thousands of miles away, and to-day we see it offered for sale at nearly every street corner. Skillful hands packed and sent it Eastward in a refrigerator car constructed for the purpose. These cars have double walls of wood with cork between the intervening space. In the roof is placed an immense ice chest having a capacity of several tons. When the car is closed, air is admitted only through passages just under the eaves. This air coming in contact with the ice becomes cooled, and descending, finds its way to the fruit through the interstices of the boxes in which it is packed, pressing out through ventilators air which may have become heated, when cooling again, hurries back to return the complement. The door is provided with a lock of peculiar construction to which the consignee holds the duplicate key, thus preserving the valuable contents from being tampered with during the long journey. The process of packing and selecting the fruit is one requiring the most careful supervision, as a single blemish would destroy an entire box of pears or plums, which contain each about 600 of either fruit. To prevent abrasion of the skins each pear and plum has to be wrapped in paper, and taking all in all, it is no little matter to transport these delicious luxuries to the Eastern market.

But such fruit! It will thrust a man's hand into his pocket quicker than Jack Frost ever thought to do, although the unlimited California pear is by no means infallible—a statement which calls up such painful reminiscences of a recent vigil of a night spent in sitting up with myself after the general manner of those who have a "silent sorrow" about this season, that I hasten to change the subject.

CHURCH CHOIRS.

It is now many years since the universal volunteer choir association was in existence, and although the good old fashioned deacon has labored hard and earnestly to show the people the sin of doing their singing by proxy, and the more modern reformer has lent his fanatic aid to back him up, still the quartette choir is heard in our principal churches, and will be to the end of the chapter; and as popular preaching commands its own price so too does the successful choir singer receive a salary which, in ye olden time, would have sufficed to ruin the whole church establishment. A short time since, when Rufus Hatch, Vice-President of the Pacific Mail S. S. Co., was prominently connected with the music at Christ church this city, he accumulated an array of talent which must have had some effect upon the congregation if good singing could do it. He secured the services of Mrs. H. M. Smith and Myron Whitney of Boston, who used to report from that city every Saturday. Mrs. S. soon gave out, but not long before Hatch did, or was compelled to; for the church called Hugh Miller Thompson of Chicago, to supply the pulpit, and there ensued a musical and wordy war between chance and choir.—Dominie Thompson didn't care to have the church styled "Hatch's Opera House," and so Mr. H. and his troupe departed. Soon after this he fell into the panic, and doesn't spend at the rate of \$10,000 a year on music any more.

What may be termed a good, substantial choir, can sing about—Soprano \$1,000, Tenor \$800, Bass \$600, Contralto \$500 out of the committee's pockets, although some choirs run on the strength of the soprano alone, securing a star performer at \$1200, or even \$1500 and filling in with such singers as are willing to attend for little or nothing, together with all the ice water they can drink. Here is where the toil-worn and weary can rest from the labors of the week and listen to the comforting arias from all the operas with words to suit the occasion; and if you drop the cent carefully into the box when it comes round so it won't touch bottom, that is all the whole thing will cost. SNOW.

BORES. The most vigilant constabulary is no safeguard against bores. They can pounce upon their prey in the common thoroughfare, under the very nose of the uniformed authority, without incurring the slightest peril. They can hold you, but no police will hold them; nor will an action for unwarranted arrest lie against them in a court of equity. It ought to, perhaps, but it won't. They can even invade your domicile and insist upon the loan of your ears, with entire impunity. And yet an ordinary burglar is a trifle compared with such an intrusion upon your peace and privileges. The burglar you can shoot, if you have the nerve, and the knock of it; but—such is the monstrous dictum of the Code police—you must be civil to the bore at the expense of conscience.

PIERMONT. The package of OPINIONS for Piermont was missed last Friday. We did not learn of it until the first of this week, when we sent another bundle, some of the papers in which were not perfect, but the best we had.

AN excellent counterfeit has been discovered on the twenty dollar bill of the Merchants' National Bank of New York. It was so skillfully executed that it deceived several counters of the United States Treasury Department, through whose hands it passed. It is promised that the whole issue of this denomination will be called in and canceled. We fail to see how this will help the people among whom both counterfeit and genuine are likely to circulate. If a bill is so nicely imitated as to deceive even experts, what chance of discovery have business men, whose occupation does not require them to scrutinize such notes very closely. Men receive and pay out National bank bills in a blind confidence that they are genuine. The cancellation proposed by the department does not help the people any. The imitations will still circulate freely unless we return to the customs of "stump tail" times, and carry in our bosoms bank-note detectors. The United States might profitably follow the example of England in the matter of counterfeits. There the laws against the crime have severe penalties, and those penalties are always enforced. In this country the detectives manipulate such matters to suit themselves, and a counterfeiter in prison is a curiosity. It is the duty of the government to protect the people as well as the bankers.

In answer to scores of letters of inquiry, we state: 1. The Fifth Gift Concert of the Kentucky Public Library will positively take place November 31st, 1874, and there will be no postponement. 2. No matter whether all the tickets are sold or not, the drawing will be full, and the capital prize will be \$250,000.—Save us the trouble of writing letters, good friends, and for information concerning this matter drop a line to Gov. Bramlette, Louisville, Ky. You will receive full particulars by return of mail. Please spare us.—*News*.

—The State Democratic Convention at Worcester Wednesday drew out a larger attendance than in previous years. Hon. William Gaston was nominated for Governor and Hon. William L. Smith for Lieutenant Governor, and the platform takes strong ground against the State Constitution and the Prohibitory law.

—A good assortment of corsets at Mrs. C. S. Stevens'.

—The sworn answer of Mr. Henry Ward Beecher in the suit brought against him by Theodore Tilton has been filed, and the counsel of both parties have served notices for trial in October.

—Another lot of those nice notions at Mrs. Curtis'.

—New Fall hats, flowers, feathers at Mrs. C. H. Curtis'.

METEOROLOGICAL NOTES FOR AUGUST.—Average temperature 65.58 deg. For morning 55.82 deg.; noon, 73.08 deg.; night, 61.85 deg. Mercury highest, morning, 13th, 72 deg.; noon, 10th, 88 deg.; night, 13th, 77 deg. Lowest morning, 25th, 38 deg.; noon, 3rd, 62 deg.; night, 3rd, 52 deg. Highest average for a day, 12th, 76 deg.; lowest, 35th, 57 deg. Range of mercury 50 deg. from 38 to 88; greatest range for a day, 27th, 31 deg.; least, 14th, 6 deg. Mercury 80 deg. or above on 10 days. Slight frost on the morning of the 25th. No particular damage to vines. A cool August. More or less clear on 21 days. Mostly flying clouds for portions of the day. 7 foggy mornings on the river many more. More or less rain on 9 days—much less than for June and July, and very little last of the month. Thunder on 4 days. A heavy shower with much wind and rain late in evening of the 12th. Atmosphere very thick with smoke from burning forests in Canada, for 3 or four days, beginning with the 18th. The smell of smoke very persistent.

The close of the month finds the hay and grain harvest nearly finished. Grain mostly very good. Some fields suffer slightly from rust. Rust also affecting melons and potatoes somewhat. Prospects for melons slim. Corn is still quite backward. A warm September morning, 25th, 88 deg. The crop to perfection. The last two weeks brought ripe blackberries, and they are abundant and likely to continue far into September. The last ten days of the month a very pleasant.

Orfordville, N. H., Sept. 1, 1874.

Bradford Prices Current.

Corrected weekly by STEVENS & BAGLEY.

Apples	10 a
" Dried	10 a
Beans	1 75 a 2 50
Butter	25 a 30
Corn, Northern	a
" Western	a 1 00
Eggs	a 20
Flour	7 00 a 8 00
Pastry	a 9 00
Lard	a 18
Oats	a 65
Potatoes	a
Hark	a 7 00
Hides	a 7 00
Pelts	50 a 1 50

Boston Cattle Markets.

At Cambridge and Brighton, for the week ending Tuesday, September, 2, 1874.

PRICES. Beef Cattle.—Extra fat and heavy premium oxen, \$9.50 a 10.00; first quality, \$8.00 a 9.00; second quality, \$6.50 a 8.75; third quality, \$5.50 a 6.50; per 100 lbs. on total weight of hide, tallow and dressed beef.

Working Oxen.—\$150 a 240 per pair, or according to their value as beef steers, \$100 a \$120.

Milk Cows.—Fair quality, \$35 a 63; extra good, \$65 a 95 with or without calves, as may be agreed; farrow and ordinary, \$24 a 36; yearlings, \$10 a 18; 2-year olds, \$18 a 25; 3-year olds, \$20 a 42.

Sheep.—5 a 5 1/2; extra, 6 a 6 1/2; live weight or \$2.50 a 6.50 per head. Lambs—a 1er lb. 8c; 2nd, 7c; 3rd, 6c; 4th, 5c; 5th, 4c; 6th, 3c; 7th, 2c; 8th, 1c; 9th, 1/2c; 10th, 1/4c.

Swine.—Wholesale, 7c; retail, 7 1/2 a 8c per lb. Fat Hogs, 7 1/2 a 7 1/4 per lb. Sows, 7c.

Veal Cakes.—\$5.00 a 12.00 per head.

Hides.—Brighton, 7 1/2 a 8; country, 7 1/2 a 7c; calfskins, 10c; tallow, 5c per lb; country, 4c.

Pelts.—Wit h wool on, 75c each.